

# The Oxford County Citizen.

A. E. Herrick 8-24-29

VOLUME XXXIV—NUMBER 15

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1928.

4 Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

Chautauqua next week.  
Prof. F. E. Hanscom was in town Monday.

William Bingham is at his home on Broad Street.

Henry Hastings was in Thomaston last Thursday.

P. C. Lapham went to Auburn on business Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Gehring arrived home Saturday.

Harry Mason is spending two weeks at his home here.

Mrs. Lucian Littlehale spent the day Thursday in Lewiston.

T. I. Brown and family were at Sebago Lake Sunday.

Rev. W. R. Patterson is building a cottage at Songe Pond.

Parker Allen of Bryant Pond visited at Irving Carver's Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold King are spending a few days in Portland.

Sylvia Groves of West Bethel is working in Farwell & Wright's store.

Carrie Hastings of Washington, D. C., is the guest of relatives in town.

Charles Lyon was an overnight guest at the Hapgood Farm recently.

Alas Cheesbro of Boothbay Harbor was a week end guest at F. L. Edwards'.

Walter C. Allen spent the week end with relatives at Wollaston, Mass.

Mrs. Gertie Hapgood was the guest of Mrs. Harry Sawin one day last week.

Miss Marian Bean is spending two weeks in Boston, the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Merrill left Tuesday for their home in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawin were Sunday guests of Miss Estella Bean in Albany.

Mrs. J. C. Metcalf of Farmington is a guest of her brother, Ernest M. Walker.

Miss Virginia Burhoe of Truro, Mass., is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Lydia Swicker.

Harold Nutting of Lynn, Mass., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Mildred McPherson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hutchinson have been spending a few days at camp at Locke Mills.

Mrs. V. M. Perkins and two sons of Andover were guests of Mrs. Wallace Coolidge last Thursday.

Mrs. Hubert York and daughter, Priscilla, were recent guests of her mother, Mrs. Lydia Grover.

Albert Clark and family of Melrose were guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Clark several days recently.

Mrs. Spurgeon Luxton and Miss Marjorie Luxton of Rumford spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Frank Hunt.

Lucia Van Den Kerkhoven returned from Errol Sunday where she has been visiting Rev. and Mrs. Robert Tidman.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall were in Madison Tuesday, called there by the illness of her sister, Mrs. Hall is remaining for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Deitram Packard and two daughters of Augusta are spending the week in town with Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Loveloy.

Mrs. C. E. Merrill and daughter, Beatrice spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Merrill and family of Bolster Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Luxton and daughter, Barbara, were Sunday callers at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Merrill's, at Mason.

Mrs. Franklin Gross and daughter, Barbara, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bean, have returned to their home in Newark, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie York of Fitchburg, Mass., and John York of Brookton, N. Y., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunt last Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sloane and two sons of Lewiston, C. A. Rich and Miss Irish of St. Albans, Vt., called on Mr. and Mrs. George Hapgood and family Sunday.

In addition to Farwell & Wright's store has been completed and makes a very attractive dining room. The walls are done in cream with wainscoting in shades of brown. The draperies are in harmonizing colors. This makes ample accommodations for twenty people and will be much appreciated by both the local and traveling public. This business has been conducted for the past two years by Mrs. Addie Farwell and Mrs. Lena Wright and the ever increasing tourist trade has made necessary this enlargement.

## Arsenault-Coffin

A very pretty wedding took place Wednesday morning, July 26th, at St. Kiernan's Church, Berlin, N. H., when Miss Pearl Coffin, daughter of Frank Coffin of Gilford and Philip Arsenault of Berlin, N. H., were united in marriage by Rev. E. D. MacKey.

The bride was beautifully gowned in a white crepe-de-chine dress, a white coat and a large white picture hat. She carried a shower bouquet of roses and carnations. They were attended by Miss Margaret Sheridan and Luman Osborne of Berlin.

A reception and breakfast followed the ceremony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Sheridan, High Street, Berlin. Refreshments were in charge of Miss Madeline Sheridan and Eva Morse.

The bride's cake was made by Mrs. Peter Sheridan, there was also an elaborate wedding cake.

During the reception music was furnished by musicians among the guests. The house decorations were very attractive of garlands in bright hues arranged in baskets and vases at vantage points throughout the rooms. Table decorations were of cut flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Arsenault are enjoying a honeymoon at Portland, Old Orchard and other points in Maine and on their return they will reside for the summer with the bride's parents at Gilford. There were many gifts from relatives and friends.

The groom is the son of Mrs. Frank Arsenault, a graduate of St. Regis Academy and is in the employ of the Brown Co., at the Cascade Mill. Their wide circle of friends extend hearty congratulations.

## CHICK CLUB MEETING

The Little Red Hen Club of Bethel held a meeting Saturday, July 28, at the home of Richard Stevens, Middle Intervale. All the members were present except one. John Anderson, the local chicken club leader, very generously conveyed the members.

The Club decided that Bear Pond was an ideal location for the Oxford County Get-together to be held some time in August.

The members are as follows: Richard Stevens, Newton Stearns, Richard Davis, Guy Gibbs, Leroy Bennett, Jr., and Stanley Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster of Lowell, Mass., called on Mrs. Harry Sawin Saturday.

Guy Patterson and Miss Louise Powers of South Paris, called on his parents one evening last week.

John Coolidge and Wallace Coolidge spent Sunday at Floyd Coolidge's, Northwest Bethel.

Miss Elizabeth K. Chapman of Portland has been spending a week with her cousin, Miss Mary G. Chapman.

Charles C. Kimball of Berlin, N. H., has purchased the Lyon place on Paradise Street and has moved here.

Miss Sally Chapman and friend, Alice Stallard, visited at her grandfather's, W. L. Chapman, the last of the week.

Mrs. Lindell Blanchard and two children, Converse and Mary, of Abington, Mass., are guests of Hon. and Mrs. A. E. Herrick.

Bethel 2—Rumford 1

In a good game of ball played at Rumford Wednesday afternoon, Bethel defeated Rumford All Stars by a score of two to one.

Special Town Meeting, Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Goodnow underwent an operation at McCarty's Hospital, Rumford, Thursday, and is at her aunt's, Mrs. W. A. Clough's, at present. Her many friends will be glad to know the operation was a success.

The Ladies' Club of the Congregational Church will offer an attractive display of aprons, hand embroidery, and other useful gifts at their Fair on Thursday, August 16. Home cooked food and candy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Den Kerkhoven were in Portland Monday to meet their daughter, Mrs. James MacFarlane, and husband of Boston, who will spend two weeks with Mrs. MacFarlane parents.

The regular meeting of Sunday School Lodge will be held Monday evening, Aug. 6. There will be a supper of 50¢ for Hebrews and their families, 40 cents for members and 15 cents for non-members.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Patterson accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Morton Hall and son, Ernest, of Hanover, attended the services at the old church in Mason Sunday afternoon. There was a large attendance. Rev. Mrs. Fiske spoke on the Power of God. Miss Sylvia Grover presided at the organ.

Upon returning to his car after a short time spent in fishing recently, Edward Chase of South Bethel found that his Whippet sedan had been rifled during his absence. Evidently an attempt had been made to start the car as the switch had been taken apart. Falling in this they took the outfit of tools a jacket and the radiator cap.

## AUTO ACCIDENT

A Ford touring car driven by Floyd E. Kimball of Albany was in collision with a Chevrolet coupe driven by Everett McKeon of Bethel at the foot of Mill Hill about eight o'clock last Monday evening.

The Kimball car was headed toward Albany and sideswiped the Chevrolet, breaking an axle, door, front and rear fenders and windshield. The Ford turned over one or more times and was badly damaged.

In Kimball's car were Floyd and Arthur Herrick of Norway, whom the Kimballs had just met at the 7:14 train. Mr. and Mrs. McKeon were in their car. No serious injuries were reported.

## LOCAL TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS

The attitude taken by our local automobile drivers in disregarding traffic rules, notably the beacon at the junction of Church and Railroad streets and the new "Stop" signs has attracted attention for some time. Apparently they regard these signals as mere "red tape" and not as a public safety measure.

The practice of parking their cars on the left side of the street—at their convenience—is only another symptom of the same failing.

We suppose that this habit was only a local affair, but an editorial in The Livermore Falls Advertiser, part of which quote below, shows that human beings act similarly in other places.

"The violator of traffic rules is, in a true sense, a law-breaker, and this offense is not being committed by amateurs and reckless drivers alone, but in truth, by some of our most prominent village residents. Men hold high in esteem and public regard are equally guilty of the crime. You would not murder your fellow-beings in cold blood, unless you are a lunatic, but yet you will endanger your own life and the lives of other automobileists for the careless risk of taking a chance and disregard of traffic safety regulations."

"You may get by with the first offense—yes, even the second, or third, or fourth—but sooner or later, you will be the victim of an accident, or you will come to the attention of authorities and THEN should be dealt with to the full extent of the law."

## FREDERICK C. TRIBOU

Capt. Frederick C. Tribou passed away at his home on Main St., South Paris, Tuesday morning, July 24, after several weeks illness.

He was the son of Silas Kinsey and Lucia (Moore) Tribou and was born at Bucksport Sept. 2, 1842. He went to sea when 17 years old and followed that life for many years. After retiring he came to South Paris, where he lived the past 30 years.

He is survived by his widow, and daughter, Miss Rena E. Tribou of South Paris. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge at Bucksport.

Funeral services were held at the home Friday afternoon conducted by Rev. O. E. Bryant. Interment was at Pine Grove Cemetery.

## UNUSUAL LECTURE SERIES AT THE RADCLIFFE CHAUTAUQUA

Oxford County United Parish

Including Albany North Lovell, Stowham and the Waterford. Pastor

at Staff: Revs. W. L. Bull, B. F.

Wentworth, A. C. Townsend;

Mr. D. V. McLean.

Following its custom, the Radcliffe Chautauqua will present a unified lecture series during the three-day engagement which is scheduled to be held at 7:30 p.m. on August 6, 7 and 8, but it will be unusual in respect to the scope of the topics.

The subject of "Riches" is one which is paramount, but there may be some ideas in connection with it that most us have overlooked. During the three evening sessions, a part of the time will be taken up by eloquent speakers, who will discuss various angles of a great subject. The divisions are as follows:

First Night—"Riches We Inherit"; Second Night—"Riches We Acquire"; Third Night—"Riches We Bestow."

The afternoon lecture periods are also scheduled to bring three very fascinating addresses on subjects which may, at first, seem fanciful, but when you study them a minute you can see that they can suggest certain thoughts—a very instructive and beneficial nature.

This is especially true in connection with the young folks, and we hope that arrangements can be made which will permit every boy and girl in our community to hear these discussions.

The topics are as follows:

First Afternoon—"Giants and Fairies"; Second Afternoon — "The Royal Road";

Third Afternoon—"The House that Jack Built."

These lectures will be delivered by Dr. Elmer W. Snel, Dr. Daniel H. Martin, and Dr. Frank A. Domer, three of the Chautauqua's best known and interesting speakers. The local committee is anxious that every person shall take advantage of this splendid program which has been arranged for our general betterment, and specially urges parents to put season tickets in the hands of their children. Adult season tickets are only two dollars each, and the junior tickets cost one dollar. In addition to the six lectures by these distinguished speakers there will be six additional entertainments, including the side-splitting comedy "Putting Pep in Papa."

## PERLEY A. FLANDERS

Perley A. Flanders of Skillington passed away Wednesday at a hospital in Waterville, where he underwent an operation Monday. Funeral services to be held at his late home Friday.

## NORTH NEWRY

Ramona Morton spent Wednesday of last week with Mrs. Roger Foster at Bethel.

There was a ball game Tuesday of last week between the Upton boys and Newry boys, the score was 4 to 3 in favor of Newry.

Dr. Goodrich, the state health inspector, was in town Wednesday of last week.

Miss Carrie Wight returned home from the hospital last week much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Vall and Mrs. Amy Bennett were visiting relatives in Bethel a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Brooks and son, Walter, of Meredith, N. H., spent the week end with his sister, Mrs. Herbert Morton.

Sunday visitors at Herbert Morton's were Mr. and Walter Reed and son Elmer, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lord and daughter, Alzena, and Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Learned.

Mrs. Gladys Morton of Rumford is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. E. Wight. Josephine Thurston of Bethel spent Monday night with Doris Morton.

Mrs. Reny Foster was a guest at W. E. Wight's over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wight called on Mr. and Mrs. Walter and Emily Folsom.

The church was nearly filled Sunday morning to enjoy the Children's Day program.

There was a ball game Friday afternoon between the Errol and Newry boys. The score was 22 to 11 in Errol's favor.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson went to Upton Sunday evening.

Daniel Head and family of South Paris were at their camp here over the week end.

Miss Catherine Hart has visited her parents at her home in Andover Sunday.

Harold Bennett of Bethel was in town Friday.

Frank and Clara Bennett went to Upton Friday, picked fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackay of Lyon are spending a few days in Malone's camp.

Elmer Cross has got his house for the summer.

Tom Kenning, Jr., was in Albany, fishing one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Crockett spent a few days in town last week.

Dick Lawrence of Rumford was a recent caller in this vicinity.

Maria Lyden of Bethel was a caller in town.

Mrs. Mary Dearden had green peas from her garden July 22nd.

**BUSINESS CARDS**

FURNISHED ROOMS  
AUTO AND TEAM CONVEYANCE  
G. C. BRYANT  
2 Mechanic Street, Bethel, Maine  
Telephone Connecticut

S. S. GREENLEAF  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR & MORTICIAN  
AUTO MECHANIC  
AMBULANCE FOR MOVING THE  
SICK  
Day and Night Service  
BETHEL, MAINE  
Phone 112

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.  
BETHEL, MAINE  
MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKERS  
Choice Designs  
FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP  
Letters of Inquiry promptly answered  
See Our Work—Get Our Prices  
E. E. WHITNEY & CO.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed

WM. L. FROTHINGHAM  
REAL ESTATE DEALER  
South Paris, Maine  
Open for enrollment of all kinds of  
property  
Farm Property a Specialty  
Prospective buyers will do well to get  
in touch with this Agency

HOWARD E. TYLER, D. C.  
Palmer Graduate  
Office Hours—9 A.M. to 12 M.; 2 P.M.  
to 5 P.M. Evening by appointment  
Tel. 2283  
111 Main St., NORWAY, ME.

PUBLIC AUTO  
Day or Night Service  
J. B. CHAPMAN GARAGE  
Main St., Tel. 107-6, Bethel

'BEAUTIFY WITH PICTURES'  
The poor pictures framed at  
TYLER'S  
Spring St., BETHEL, MAINE  
Using famous, Artistic Pictures  
Posters, Cards and Scrapbooks  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

BETHEL VILLAGE CORPORATION  
FIRE ALARM SIGNALS  
1 Blast, repeated at one minute intervals, Bldg., Main and Parade Streets.  
2 Blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.

3 Blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Library, Post, Upper High, Upper Number, Elm Streets.

4 Blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main to Impact's Store, Spring, Highgate, Chapman Streets.

5 Blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, Mechanics, Clark, Lower High, Lower Homestead, Vernon Streets.

6 Blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main, Mill Yard and Railroad Street.

IN CARE OF FIRE—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will send to the alarm immediately.

**TIME TABLE**  
Effective July 21, 1928

EASTBOUND			
Daily	Every	Day	Day
A.M.	except	P.M.	
			Sunday
			A.M.
Island Pond	9:00	11:15	9:05
Bethel	4:05	7:00	3:45
Oxford	7:44	10:20	7:20
Alton (W. Bethel)	7:54	10:20	7:30
Bethel	4:53	8:01	4:52
Locke's Mills	5:10	8:15	5:15
Bryant's Ford	5:19	8:20	5:20
Bethel (West Paris)	5:25	8:25	5:12
South Paris	5:28	8:28	5:28
Lancaster	6:50	10:30	6:25
Perkins	7:05	11:05	7:05

**WESTBOUND**

Daily	Every	Day	Day
A.M.	except	P.M.	
			Sunday
			A.M.
Portland	7:25	4:10	8:45
Lewiston, Maine	8:23	4:23	9:15
Bethel	9:45	6:30	10:50
Bates (W. Paris)	10:01	6:45	10:50
Hopkinton's Ford	10:14	6:55	10:55
Locke's Mills	10:26	7:05	
Bethel	10:39	7:15	11:15
Albert's (W. Bethel)	10:58	7:30	
Bethel	10:58	7:30	
Bethel	11:25	8:15	12:15
Island Pond	1:30	10:00	1:15

**THIS OFFICE**  
is the place to have  
your printing done, no  
matter what kind it may be.

There would be great saving to the  
regular person if car fares could be  
reduced as easily as taxes.

Nothing is ever quite as you ex-  
pected it to be. Often it is an im-  
perfection with so many!

**Loyalty**

For the man who is discouraged,  
downhearted by the rash of events,  
oppressed by petty failures, there is  
no stimulant like the compelling power  
of an intensive loyalty. Let the  
man who is not making good in his  
work dedicate himself to a new sense  
of allegiance to those with whom  
and for whom he labors, says the  
*Longview News*. Out of vigorous loyalty,  
to his fellow workers and his  
employer will come the spirit of  
which success is forged. Let the man  
whose life seems dull and sordid find  
a loyalty—a loyalty to his home, per-  
haps, to his city, to his college, to his  
church—and life will be transformed for  
him as the gleam of purpose dispels  
the clouds of cynicism and mis-  
trust. Out of loyalty to others will  
come that greater loyalty to self  
that transmutes a person into a per-  
sonality, a slave into a servant, and a  
human into a man. Let us attain  
to a loyalty and hold fast to it.

Is it advanced age slipping over us,  
or is it an actual state of affairs, that  
makes us believe that there used to be  
more bluebirds than there are today?  
asks the *Fort Wayne News-Sentinel*. It's  
good to observe that there are still  
a good many bluebirds now—but we  
can't help wishing there were more.  
Nothing is more beautiful in all the  
kingdom of birds than the bluebird,  
when John Burroughs described as  
having the tinge of heaven on his  
back and the tinge of earth on his  
breast. That seems to be the best  
spiritual description of this little  
bird of falter days. Somebody has  
and that the sight of a bluebird "seems  
to make you glad for the beauties of  
earth and to make you think of a  
world fairer still." No wonder the  
bluebird has long served as the eternal  
and universal symbol of happiness  
among men. There must be bluebirds  
in heaven. It wouldn't be heaven with-  
out them.

Why not, speculates the *Lafayette  
Journal* and *Courier*, an adjustable  
feet for milady's slipper—one that  
can be inflated for evening, deflated  
for early morning and semi-blown up  
for afternoon or street use? A rub-  
ber heel filled with air ought to pro-  
vide the resiliency and cushioning of  
feet needed. Then, too, with balloon  
heels the reckless "stomper" of the  
dance floor might be forcefully remind-  
ed by an occasional blow of the  
feet that the proprietaries were being  
too exuberantly "tramped" on  
dances of the "black bottom" and the  
chatterbox would then be compelled  
to carry spurs. The regular  
filling station service of the ballroom  
night easily be equipped to supply  
"free air?" For that matter, each es-  
tate might carry a bicycle pump  
and siphon combined when going out  
among the high heels.

The feelings of the man in the Belle-  
ville Mill who discovered that he had  
served 50 days in which he was not  
pardoned may have been even more  
dear than that those of the man in  
Bethel who paid alimony for three  
years before he found out that the  
divorce decree had ordered no al-  
imony.

Architects take film pictures of  
relics they unearth, telling a part of  
the story of vanished races, but the  
archaeologists of the future, poking  
around the ruins of our abandoned  
settlements, will find in carefully  
sealed receptacles film pictures telling  
a complete story of what we did and  
how we lived.

By alternating sleeping cars with  
daylight cars the Pennsylvania railroad  
will carry passengers from New York  
to California in 43 hours. This will  
require only a small additional allow-  
ance of time for a most pleasurable  
and thrilling weekend trip.

A quarrel between the Chilean min-  
ister to Paraguay and a Peruvian  
military attaché is to be settled by  
a Czar. Much as dueling is to be de-  
plored, it may have its advantages in  
ensuring climates without uprising  
among ignorant bystanders.

When Thomas Edison reached Port  
Meyer for his forty-second winter in  
Florida he was met at the station by  
a large band. It would have been  
more appropriate to have welcomed  
him with a photograph.

It is confidently expected by avia-  
tion promoters that Charles Lindbergh  
will make a reliable business man,  
even though he takes no great interest  
in golf and after-dinner speeches.

It is stated that every day 2,000,000  
citizens are ill. Taking into consider-  
ation the transient grippe epidemic,  
the estimate seems rather conserva-  
tive.

There would be great saving to the  
regular person if car fares could be  
reduced as easily as taxes.

Nothing is ever quite as you ex-  
pected it to be. Often it is an im-  
perfection with so many!

**DULY WARNED**

"Take care of yourself, dear," said  
the boy's wife, as her husband set off  
for an open-air meeting.

"Yes, yes, I will," he answered.

"That's right," she said, still anxious;

"but remember, don't stand with your  
bare head, on the damp ground."

**Surviving**

"I admit," said the Pittsburgh man,  
"that our city doesn't make a very  
good impression at first, but the place  
grows on you, don't you think?"

"No," replied the visitor, "not on  
me. By the constant use of soap  
and water I have managed, so far,  
to remove accumulations."

Bethel is progressing very slowly in  
this vicinity. The rain has brought  
quite a large crop this year.

"Camp Wigwam" had a sad thing  
happen in the camp this past week,  
when one of the boys died from spinal  
meningitis. The camp is under strict  
quarantine and will be for two weeks.

This camp has been running for several  
years and this is the first trouble of  
such nature they have ever had. We  
are sorry for them in this trouble.

Wednesday night "Camp Kokosing"

gave a fine entertainment for the benefit  
of the New Church Fund at Water-  
ford in the Grange Hall to a crowd  
that filled the hall to its capacity.

A nice sum must have been added to that  
fund.

Mrs. Jennie Hammond is on the sick  
list and has required the attention of  
a doctor.

Thursday the ladies gathered at the  
home of Mrs. Alice Bell and another happy  
profitable day was spent in mending pillows  
and clipping fir and filling same.

Mrs. Herne Smith and daughter, Harriet,  
of Portland, spent the day with their old friends of South Waterford.

They are spending their vacation in  
North Bridgton with Mrs. Smith's sister,  
Mrs. Sadie Berliner, and daughter, Mrs. William Holt, of Portland who  
have a cottage there.

Mrs. Ida Biggs returned to her home  
on Saturday where she is to spend a  
week while her barn is being repaired.  
We are all glad to see her house open  
again.

Mr. and Mrs. Krehner of New Jersey,  
who spent three weeks at Leon  
York's, returned home recently.

A very black smoke rolled up from  
Blackguard on Wednesday afternoon,  
and until it was learned that it was  
only the burning of some hay by Leon  
Wildard's, some people were worried  
and not strange for we have had several  
serious fires since the first of May in  
this town.

Arthur Kingman, Mrs. Bertha Parker,  
Albert Hamlin, Mrs. Ida Holden, Will  
Abbott and Mr. Collins have all had  
lightning rods put on their buildings  
the past week. Most buildings in this  
village are rodded now.

The Sale to be given by the ladies  
of the Bear Mountain Community Club,  
the proceeds to be used for the re-  
decoration of the interior of the Meth-  
odist Church, is to take place at Grange  
Hall on Friday, August 17th. Full partic-  
ulars will come later. The work  
for the sale is coming on fine.

Harry Haynes has finished his hay-  
ing on the old home place. It was a  
hard job this year as the hay had to  
be brought to the village and housed in  
barns here. Now he has to eat the hay  
on the town farm and Stevens' farm  
of Sweden.

A meeting of Bear Mountain Library  
was held at W. W. Abbott's on Tues-  
day night to select some new books.  
It was a busy evening.

Malton Rogers left for the hospital on  
Saturday for an operation for appendi-  
tis. He sure is having a bad time  
with different illnesses. Trust he comes  
out fine.

Wednesday night came regular Grange  
Hall with a good attendance in spite of  
weather. Mrs. Clara J. Hamlin had the  
program in charge and it was very  
good, consisting of music and reading.  
The question "The Efficiency of the  
Lightning Rod," was discussed. Lightning  
rods are to be placed on the Grange  
Hall this week. This was settled at  
the meeting.

John Phillips and daughter, Theresa,  
resided in town on Saturday to spend  
a time with her family.

The Hill top service on Sunday morn-  
ing at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Abel  
Andrews in Albany, conducted by  
about one hundred members of Hiram  
Merrill's men's class, No. 13, of

**SOUTH WATERFORD**

Mrs. Ernest Brackett and friend,  
Mrs. Harry Carter, of West Medford,  
Mass., have been visiting at Mrs.  
Brackett's brother's, Charles Nelson's,  
this past week.

Dr. Harry Watson and wife were in  
Romney, N. H., over Friday and Sat-  
urday. They went to see their daughter,  
Ruth, who is riding instructor in  
"Camp Walney," on Lake Stinson,  
in that town. Richard, the oldest son  
of Mrs. Louise Dehne of West Roxbury,  
Mass., is helping Ruth with the horses  
this summer.

Portland, was wonderful. The music  
was fine. Mr. Merrill's talk of "The  
Boy Samuel," and the words from Mrs.  
Hilda Ivens filled people's hearts to  
overflowing. It was estimated that 135  
auto came, so the number must have  
been nearly seven hundred present.

Following the service lunch was eaten  
on the hill-top, the Albany Church  
furnishing the coffee and ice-cream.  
Memories of this day will be cherished  
by many for years. The grand view from  
the Andrews' pretty home preened to  
all the glory of God.

Those attending the Hill-top service  
from here were Mr. and Mrs. W. G.  
Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Collins and  
children, Mrs. Ida Holden and daugh-  
ter, Dorothy, Mrs. John Phillips and  
sons, John and James, Mrs. A. Monroe  
and daughter, Ethel, Mrs. I. Swift  
and children, Mrs. Lowden and Miss  
Ethel Dunn.

Home Bartlett and wife of Lexing-  
ton, Mass., were callers at W. W. Ab-  
bott's on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs.  
Bartlett are spending their vacation  
in East Bethel at his old home.

George Staples of Kennebunk spent  
the week end with his daughter, Mrs.  
Collins. He attended the Open Air  
Service in Albany on Sunday with the  
Collins family.

Will Greene and Charles Nelson are  
struggling with the painting on Masonic  
Hall at the Flat. The rain is bad for  
this work as well as for haying.

Arthur Kingman has finished work  
at Rex Barns at

wife of Lexington  
home. The des-  
sure high, but  
y. Harold Kim-  
the store during

s at W. W. Ab-  
Mr. and Mrs.  
their vacation  
old home.

Kennebunk spent  
daughter, Mrs.  
the Open Air  
Sunday with the

Charles Nelson are  
rain is bad for  
or having,  
finished work  
but it is work-

riday. A large  
unday morning,  
ervices will be  
0 instead of at

## olds elief

lumpy throat,  
are early warn-  
ing room,  
Kennebunk, two  
the wild—nature's  
keep warm,  
grippe, flu, or  
sells the true

Portland, Me.

10c  
10c  
10c  
C  
nt of  
ards  
S  
ANY  
that

ans  
that

R  
kowhegan

pp  
ES  
M.

NN  
Y CLUB

## PICKING THE BRIDE'S BOUQUET

By D. J. Walsh

HUNT & HUNT often congratulated themselves on their Miss Andrews. Where could she have found a secretary so astute, so modern, so everything that was efficient? Luck—that was all, And the luck stayed with them. Other firms might envy the treasure, with her knowledge of deeds, transfers, business ratings, all at her finger tips. But bindings as to bettering herself never seemed to penetrate Miss Andrews' pretty ears—ears just peeping from modest bunches of curls,

And work! Not above tapping out her own letters, where others in her position apparently forgot all they had known of the science of word-mechanics.

And as for handling prospects!

"Like magic she does it," James Hunt would murmur in admiration as she landed some millionaire with a high-priced show place, and had the decorators presenting their plans to the new owner before one could say Jack Robinson—supposing one mentioned such a low person in the office of Hunt & Hunt.

"I wonder if Miss Andrews was ever a girl—slapper—now, like my nieces and those other youngsters all so boyish in looks that they puzzle me. Miss Andrews is smart-looking, of course, but—well—she never had romance, I'll swear."

Which was unkind, for all the elements of a first-flush thriller were tangled up in what she called to herself "the dear past."

Romance? Miss Hunt was steeped in it. But when one pays the best tailor in town fancy prices to keep one looking businesslike, and when dark hair, a bit curly as it is, minds its mistress and stays put all day long, it must be admitted that there is little color of a romantic hue in the appearance.

Even in her own little apartment—as neat and trim as Miss Andrews—there wasn't even an incense burner to dispense that weird odor which fiction lovers imagine transports the whole room to far-off enchanted lands.

No, Miss Andrews was more apt to scent her apartment with good coffee—a cup of which she enjoyed over her open fire of an evening.

But when the real story began to happen it was June and a hot June, and the coffee had been foregone (or a week or more). Miss Andrews was restless and wished she could take her vacation a bit early.

"Can I be getting old? That surely wasn't a white hair there!"

"I wish—I wish—dear me—what do I wish?"

"I'd like to have a house with a yard. Not a lawn, but an old-fashioned yard like we had at home in Kingston. This apartment is so stuffy. And hardwood floors and rugs hurt my feet."

"Let me see—how much have I in bonds now?"

"No—not enough. And I couldn't come in to the office if I lived as far as Kingston."

"Well, I may as well forget it."

Forgetting made her cross, perhaps, for she shoved Felix Shoe-Polish rudely away when he came purring after a romp with his entombed mouse.

"Go away! You ought to be out in the grass, climbing field mice, with catnip leaves in your ears. Felix!" I wonder why women must work alone so long for a little bit of living money? James Hunt has had enough to retire on this five years—and I've helped him make it, but I get only a 'raise' once a year and a bonus at New Year."

"I wish."

What Miss Andrews wished was forgotten the next day when Mr. Hunt the elder told her he wanted her to take a look at some Kingston property. Leave right away—see what kind of shape it was in. A loan on it—see if it was worth another. Set a price, and everything. She knew what to do. And here was the location.

Miss Andrews gasped. She hadn't known who had bought that place.

How many years it had been since she had seen it! Just down the road from her old home. What roses had grown there—old-fashioned hundred-leaved ones. Pale and pink and with a delicate perfume which had forever spelled Miss Andrews for heavy, heady scents.

When she arrived at Kingston and found her way to the cottage the roses were still there. Though the field of clover just over the fence had been planted in prizewin corn. The roses, too, had been rudely trimmed and bent up as if some one paid to do it had bursted about the task.

The cottage was in good enough repair, though. The furniture, shrouded in covers, stood about in the same places. Over there by the window Sam's mother used to keep great stand of ferns. Sam's mother. So there had been a Sam in Miss Andrews' life?

With a sigh of weariness and something else Miss Andrews sank down on the sofa by the fireplace.

"I should have taken a taxi at the station. The walk is surely longer than it was—let me see—how many years is it since we would stop here on our way from school and Sam's mother always had lemonade and cookies?"

"It couldn't be that there's such a thing as ghosts—there's a step in the kitchen as surely as I am Pasquie Andrews!"

## Found White Customs

### Hard to Understand

A naked South sea cannibal once told Jack McLaren, the globe trotter, that he could not understand why whites dressed in the daytime and undressed at night.

"I can't seem to find any scissors, Pauline, to trim these rose stems. Hold them carefully and they will not stick your fingers. Mother always knows how to take the sting out of roses—she said."

Miss Andrews turned pale, then pink, then pale again.

"It's not you, is it, Sam? Sam McCully who lived here when we went to school the other side of Kingston and whose mother always asked us to rest on the way home evenings? Why—I heard you had gone off somewhere. You never seemed to care about the old crowd after we graduated. And I went to the city to work and the girls have all married and gone."

"I didn't know the name of the owner—Larrimore—when I came up to see the house today for my real estate firm."

"Haven't you been in Kingston either—or didn't you know the house is for sale?"

No, Sam hadn't been in Kingston for the house, the debt after his mother died.

"You didn't know, but mother was slowly dying, even in the days she was so jolly and good to us all."

"I had to look after her—I couldn't leave her for college or business, and when you—and all the rest left, it was pretty lonely."

"I hadn't anything to offer, Pauline—when at last I was alone, and free."

"I heard you were doing so well—such a wonderful salary. But now I've enough to buy this house back—this house where I've stolen the roses to give you from the old bush by the walk."

"I came to see the way things were left, though Cousin Larrimore, who bought it, would not disturb mother's home, I knew."

"And I saw you, Pauline, at the window upstairs. So I gathered the roses and slipped in through the panty window—I've often done it when I stayed too late at a party—and you and I walked home too slowly."

"Then—seeing you here, I wished you'd stay, Pauline."

"I can buy the place and still have enough for a little business in Kingston. We can have enough—that's happiness."

"It won't be the city—and that wonderful office where you talk in millions every day."

Pauline smiled happily. Then spoke practically.

"No, it will not be that old office, thank Heaven! Who wants an office when there's home—and a hundred-leaved rose right at the door?"

"We'll go right down to the city and fix up the deed, and then get James Hunt to play father at the ceremony. Poor man! He's going to have a new secretary, and he will not like it."

"But you and I—Sam—we're going to be folks out of a story book. Here, give me the roses—you didn't know you were picking the bride's bouquet, did you?"—*Pathfinder Magazine*.

### Worth It

"Was off the coast of dear old Ireland, and the steamship was a trifle out of its course. It had, in fact, taken the wrong turning."

"Breakers ahead! We are lost," yelled the lookout from his point of vantage in the bows.

"Begorra!" cried the Irish cook, "we're not lost if that will save us."

And seizing a belaying pin, he hit the lookout man such a blow as to completely floor the man.

"How dare you!" bellowed the captain angrily. "Why did you strike that man?"

"Well," replied Pat. "He yelled, 'Break us a hand, or we are lost,' and sure I did it, sir. And I'll break a dozen more, sir, if that'll save the ship!"—*Weekly Scotsman*.

### Cat's Meow

The cat who loves cod liver oil is being put upon. He sure is more fond of cod liver oil than liver or raw hamburger steak, or salmon, or kidneys, or cat food—and the family know it.

Recently he decided to go out for the evening. The youngster did not wish to have him go, but he slid out on the steps looking around for worlds to conquer. No calling for "Kitty, kitty,"

"Well," replied Pat. "He yelled, 'Break us a hand, or we are lost,' and sure I did it, sir. And I'll break a dozen more, sir, if that'll save the ship!"—*Weekly Scotsman*.

"Well, I may as well forget it."

Forgetting made her cross, perhaps, for she shoved Felix Shoe-Polish rudely away when he came purring after a romp with his entombed mouse.

"Go away! You ought to be out in the grass, climbing field mice, with catnip leaves in your ears. Felix!" I wonder why women must work alone so long for a little bit of living money? James Hunt has had enough to retire on this five years—and I've helped him make it, but I get only a 'raise' once a year and a bonus at New Year."

"I wish."

What Miss Andrews wished was forgotten the next day when Mr. Hunt the elder told her he wanted her to take a look at some Kingston property. Leave right away—see what kind of shape it was in. A loan on it—see if it was worth another. Set a price, and everything. She knew what to do. And here was the location.

Miss Andrews gasped. She hadn't known who had bought that place.

How many years it had been since she had seen it! Just down the road from her old home. What roses had grown there—old-fashioned hundred-leaved ones. Pale and pink and with a delicate perfume which had forever spelled Miss Andrews for heavy, heady scents.

When she arrived at Kingston and found her way to the cottage the roses were still there. Though the field of clover just over the fence had been planted in prizewin corn. The roses, too, had been rudely trimmed and bent up as if some one paid to do it had bursted about the task.

The stone is only about one-fourth of an inch in length and weighs only a few grains, making it probably the smallest meteorite ever recorded. In spite of the millions of meteorites that hit the earth's atmosphere each day, only a few reach the ground in only one previous historic instance. One known to have hit a human being. That occurred in 1822 when a native of India was killed by a meteorite.

At the time of the occurrence the child happened to be playing out of doors alone. Hearing a sudden cry the mother rushed out to find the infant scared across the deck as if by a hot iron. Further search disclosed a small stone in a fold of the child's dress. It was still slightly warm, which evidently had caused the burn on the neck. Transmitted to Yamaoto and examined by the scientists of Kyoto university this stone proved to be a typical meteorite, covered, with the usual black crust caused by melting during its flight through the air.

The stone is only about one-fourth of an inch in length and weighs only a few grains, making it probably the smallest meteorite ever recorded. In spite of the millions of meteorites that hit the earth's atmosphere each day, only a few reach the ground in only one previous historic instance. One known to have hit a human being. That occurred in 1822 when a native of India was killed by a meteorite.

When she arrived at Kingston and found her way to the cottage the roses were still there. Though the field of clover just over the fence had been planted in prizewin corn. The roses, too, had been rudely trimmed and bent up as if some one paid to do it had bursted about the task.

The cottage was in good enough repair, though. The furniture, shrouded in covers, stood about in the same places. Over there by the window Sam's mother used to keep great stand of ferns. Sam's mother. So there had been a Sam in Miss Andrews' life?

With a sigh of weariness and something else Miss Andrews sank down on the sofa by the fireplace.

"I should have taken a taxi at the station. The walk is surely longer than it was—let me see—how many years is it since we would stop here on our way from school and Sam's mother always had lemonade and cookies?"

"It couldn't be that there's such a thing as ghosts—there's a step in the kitchen as surely as I am Pasquie Andrews!"

Miss Andrews turned pale, then pink, then pale again.

"I can't seem to find any scissors, Pauline, to trim these rose stems. Hold them carefully and they will not stick your fingers. Mother always knows how to take the sting out of roses—she said."

Miss Andrews turned pale, then pink, then pale again.

"It's not you, is it, Sam? Sam McCully who lived here when we went to school the other side of Kingston and whose mother always asked us to rest on the way home evenings? Why—I heard you had gone off somewhere. You never seemed to care about the old crowd after we graduated. And I went to the city to work and the girls have all married and gone."

"I didn't know the name of the owner—Larrimore—when I came up to see the house today for my real estate firm."

"Haven't you been in Kingston either—or didn't you know the house is for sale?"

No, Sam hadn't been in Kingston for the house, the debt after his mother died.

"You didn't know, but mother was slowly dying, even in the days she was so jolly and good to us all."

"I had to look after her—I couldn't leave her for college or business, and when you—and all the rest left, it was pretty lonely."

"I hadn't anything to offer, Pauline—when at last I was alone, and free."

"I heard you were doing so well—such a wonderful salary. But now I've enough to buy this house back—this house where I've stolen the roses to give you from the old bush by the walk."

"I came to see the way things were left, though Cousin Larrimore, who bought it, would not disturb mother's home, I knew."

"And I saw you, Pauline, at the window upstairs. So I gathered the roses and slipped in through the panty window—I've often done it when I stayed too late at a party—and you and I walked home too slowly."

"Then—seeing you here, I wished you'd stay, Pauline."

"I can buy the place and still have enough for a little business in Kingston. We can have enough—that's happiness."

"It won't be the city—and that wonderful office where you talk in millions every day."

"But you and I—Sam—we're going to be folks out of a story book. Here, give me the roses—you didn't know you were picking the bride's bouquet, did you?"—*Pathfinder Magazine*.

"Well, I don't think much of women," said nine-year-old Joe, coming home from school.

"Why, what's happened to you and Katherine?" queried his mother.

"Well, she only got forty in arithmetic today. That's just too dumb!"

**Business Picking Up**

A junior partner in a law firm came boisterously into the office one morning.

"Bill, I think business is going to be better," he said.

"What makes you think so?" asked the non-too-optimistic Bill.

"The young married couple next door woke me up quarreling; they'll probably be seeking a divorce," replied the youthful lawyer.

**Gigantic Book**

One of the books in the British mu-

**THE  
OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
AT BETHEL, MAINE

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher

Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1903, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 15c per line.

All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1928.

**EAST BETHEL**

Stephen Kendall and family drove over to Auburn and called at the Brooks' "Tourist Inn" to see Mrs. Fred Atwood, and she visited Brown's Camp yesterday.

Mrs. Carol and Mary Lee Jefferings of Watham, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hayford recently entertained her sister, Mrs. Wm. Moody of Brandon, also Mrs. Marie McKenzie of New York.

Carl Swan and family were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Tracy recently entertained P. E. Mason and H. E. Dean of Medford, Mass., also Earl Cheney of Lewiston, Me.

Mrs. Mary Bullock of Medford, Mass., who is camping at Locke's Mills, is this week's guest of her granddaughter, Mrs. H. L. Swan.

Mrs. Clifton Bean of Rumford was a recent guest of her mother, Mrs. Carrie Bartlett.

Mr. Greenwood was a recent guest at Guy Bartlett's.

**High Street, West Paris**

John Philip and wife called at Mrs. Dan Hill's Sunday.

Dan Hill and family were in Norway Sunday.

Mrs. Dan Hill spent the afternoon Saturday with Mrs. Ed. Anderson of Norway.

John Whitman has been cutting hay at South Paris.

Alice McKeon is working at South Paris.

Tom Morrell has been having a great deal of trouble with his eyes the last month, but they are now much improved.

## Pictures and Vaudeville ODEON HALL, BETHEL

FRIDAY and SATURDAY NIGHTS

August 3rd and 4th

**ZOWIE! WHAT A SHOW**

3 - Big Vaudeville Acts - 3

Direct From

**KEITH'S CIRCUIT****FERRY the FROG**

The Premier Contortionist of the World

**FRANCIS FILMORE**

THE RADIO GIRL

Playing \$1000 Piano Accordion

**RALPH TOMPKINS**Sensational as a  
ONE LEGGED DANCER**NOTICE**

These acts have been played in Music Hall, Lewiston and Bijou Theatre, Bangor, this past winter.

**Friday Night**Metro - Goldwyn - Meyer Presents  
**LON CHANEY** in**"London After Midnight"****Saturday Night**

Paramount Presents

**Zane Grey's story "Nevada"**Admission (Both Nights) 20c, 35c and 50c  
BOTH DANDY PICTURES!

DON'T MISS THEM

**SOUTH PARIS**

Miss Miriam Wheeler of Auburn was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Forbes a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Clifford and daughter of South Norwalk, Conn., are spending two weeks vacation with their parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Maxon, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Holden are enjoying a week's camping at Shagg Pond.

Italy Bennett of Oldale has been spending a few days with Madlyn Bell, J. Harold Neal of the Mason Mfg. Co. has been in New York on a business trip.

John Lord of Waterford was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. June Penfield, Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Florence Haskell underwent an operation for the removal of tonsils at Dr. Cobb's hospital in Auburn Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham were callers at Bolster Mills Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Charlie Holt were Sunday callers on his niece, Mrs. Will McKay.

Warner Kendall was in town over the week end.

Agnes Pinkham and friend spent the afternoon one day last week with her mother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham.

**EAST WATERFORD**

Roland Littlefield has finished sawing pulp wood for George Gray and has started work for Arthur Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morgan were over night guests of her brother, Omar Moxey, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rolfe and family were callers at H. O. Rolfe's Sunday.

Mrs. Will McKay and two children and her aunt, Mrs. Rachel Conner, are visiting her grandfather, Elbridge Holt, for a few days.

Arthur Tucker will begin canning beans soon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham were callers at Bolster Mills Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Charlie Holt were Sunday callers on his niece, Mrs. Will McKay.

Warner Kendall was in town over the week end.

Agnes Pinkham and friend spent the afternoon one day last week with her mother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham.

**SUNDAY RIVER**

The men from Rumford who were operating the dredge where the washout occurred have completed their work and returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stanhope visited at R. L. Foster's Sunday.

Robert Bean has purchased the Trask place.

William Powers and Harry Williamson went to the Lake a fishing one day recently.

Mr. Weeks is staying at Grafton with his daughter, Mrs. Flossie Lane.

Arthur Wilson, who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Sarah Kendall, has returned to his home in Cambridge.

Mr. Oliver has been chosen Superintendent in place of A. H. Tuck who is a position at Wytopitlock, Maine.

**LAKWOOD ITEMS**

Theatrical notables now visiting Lakewood include Margaret Lawrence, stage and screen star; Florence Reed, star of "The Shanghai Gesture," and her husband, Malcolm Williams; Morgan Wallace, actor and producer; Patterson McNutt, former sporting editor of the New York Morning World, co-writer of "Plays"; and producer of "The Poor Nut"; Mihard Coughlin, well known catcher and scene designer; David H. Wallace, associated with Acting Hopkins, and co-author of "Ho-pe" which ad but won this year's Pulitzer Prize; Eddie Nugent, actor straight who starred in "Harrigan Abroad" at Lakewood last summer; Norma Lee, the alternative Broadway leading lady; Harry G. Summers, manager of the Kinetta-Keith Theatre, New York; Mrs. Priscilla Morrison, wife of the prominent stage director who staged "Andrew Takes A Wife" in which Grant Mitchell is starring this week; A. H. Van Beuren, producing director of the William Gilberts, Charles B. Hagg, from the Melville Theatres, Inc., New York; Harold Freedman, prominent play director; Wendy Winters, Miss Rosemary Moyer, Frank B. Head, from the Edington offices in New York.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mrs. Dan Weston, sister of the late Charles Weston, who has started the management of John Giddin on "The Singing" "Plays"; "Two Girls Went" and other successes, has announced her intention to join the Lakewood troupe. Miss Weston will make her first appearance in a play to be announced shortly.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Nansen Club of Maine will hold its annual Fall Day at Lakewood, Aug. 26, 1928, at 10 a.m. The Nansen Club of Norway, the largest club in Norway, will be present.

\*\*\*\*\*

Waldron Mack, author of "The Nansen," will be the attraction at Lakewood, and "A Man's Job," seen three last summer, has been invited to attend the opening performance of the induction of "A Man's Job" this evening.

Thomas H. Doherty, manager of the Nansen Club, will be present, he will speak at the opening, and finish a new book on "Nansen Dishes."

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lionel Starn and Donald Gillaway, who have been absent from the stage of Lakewood 12 months for two weeks, return on Monday night in the lead roles of "The Nansen". Miss Weston and her troupe will be in Lakewood for the opening of "The Nansen" in Quebec.

Patronize the Home Advertisers on this Page.

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN, BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1928.

Deering

#### WEST PARIS

Mrs. May Swan had a family reunion Sunday at the old farm by Twitchell Pond. There were thirty-five present, seven of whom were her children and twelve grandchildren. Those who enjoyed the picnic were Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Swan, Louise, Koene, Raymond and Leila Swan, Clifton Swan and

Miss Flora Swan of Locke's Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cole, Kenneth Cole, Misses Lenora and Verna Cole, Miss Katherine Smith of Woodsford, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bacon of West Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Whitman, Mrs. Carrie Swan, Miss Luis Swan and Harlan Whitman from Norway, Mrs. Daniel Cole of Greenwood Center, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morgan, Bernard, Clyde and Fay Morgan, Mrs. May Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Yates of Greenwood.

Miss Ruby Day of Locke's Mills is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Verner Smith.

Miss Ella Curtis returned from Portland Saturday after a visit of two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Bowler who accompanied her home and spent the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard A. Stevens and son Ray of Auburn were guests Sunday of Millard Stevens' sister, Mrs. Annie M. Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Penley were Sunday visitors at Mrs. Clara Bullock's.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Smith spent Sunday at Mt. Vernon.

Mrs. Martha Kendall and granddaughter, Glendine Ring, went to the Methodist Camp Meeting Monday for the week.

#### EAST STONEHAM

Several from this place attended the Open Air Service at Hunt's Corner Sunday morning conducted by Henry Merrill and his class of men from the St. Lawrence Church of Portland. It was a very impressive service and greatly enjoyed by all.

The Keweenaw Club met Thursday night at the vestry.

The Church Vacation School opened with a very good attendance. Fifty-five children were enrolled.

Mrs. Flora Taylor of New York is visiting her brother, Frank Moody.

Charlie Stearns and family of Norway were at their home here over the week end.

Edginal Payne of South Paris is visiting his cousins, Rodney and Keith Grever.

Mrs. Josephine Bickford and granddaughter, Faye, of Norway visited her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Bickford, the past week.

A family reunion was held at the home of V. H. Littlefield and his sister, Miss Minnie Littlefield, Sunday, July 29. There was a large gathering including Mr. and Mrs. Ned Cole and daughter, Esther, of Springfield, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Littlefield of Abington, Mass., Mrs. Cora Dudley of Washington, D. C., and her two sons from Maryland, Horace Littlefield and family of Bethel, Clint Littlefield of Locke's Mills, Harland Littlefield of Auburn, Mr. and Mrs. Ervil Curtis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thaxter Littlefield and family of Stoneham, and the host and hostess. A beautiful dinner was served at noon, after which photographs of the group were taken. This was the first Littlefield reunion in many years.

#### Deferred

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Filea and family, who have been at their place here three weeks, returned to South Paris Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Cole and daughter, Esther, of Springfield, Vt., have been guests at V. H. Littlefield's the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Stearns and family visited their daughter, Mrs. Oramel Pratt at South Paris last Sunday.

Vacation School began here Tuesday, July 24.

Miss Minnie Littlefield and guests from Vermont motored to Hallowell Sunday.

George Frost and family who have been occupying the Filea rent, moved to Albany Saturday.

Funeral services of Fred H. Bartlett were held at the church, Monday afternoon July 24, at 2 o'clock. Mr. Bartlett was born in Stowham and lived here until ten years ago when he moved to Andover where he was associated with the Eliot and Bartlett Spool Co. A few years ago he purchased a home at Norway where he was living at the time of his death. He had been invalid in bed for nearly four years, at times being confined to the house for weeks. He will be gently missed both in business and social circles where he acquired many friends.

#### SONGO POND

Henry Tenney and wife of Chamberlain, N. H., visited her father, Mr. Eliot, at Charles Connor's Sunday.

William German has returned to Littlefield's after spending a few days at Bryant's Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Walker and children were callers at A. B. Kimball's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Walker of Farmington were callers at Alvin Kimball's last Thursday.

Albert and Floyd Kimball were in Portland Sunday.

Little Miss Caroline Loring of Portland is visiting at Alvin Kimball's for while.

Mr. and Mrs. Maldred George and children were callers at Sung Lake Cottage Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip MacAlane of Norway visited his sister, Mrs. Herman Duncan, and family Sunday.

Arthur Herrick of Norway is helping Alvin Kimball with his boating.

Charlie Conner and son, Bertie, were callers Monday evening at A. B. Kimball's.

#### MASON

Preaching services were held at the church Sunday afternoon by Mrs. Ives of Portland. There were about eighty-five present and a collection of fifteen dollars was taken which is to be used for the benefit of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Grover and children attended the services at Hunt's Corner Sunday, held by the Men's Civic Class of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Grover and three boys from Halifax, Mass., arrived at their camp Thursday evening. They returned home Monday.

Mrs. Alice Holman and Mrs. Dorothy Blake and daughter were guests of Mrs. Eli Grover one day recently.

Guests at Eli Grover's Sunday the 22d were Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Stetson and baby and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Poiner and two children, all of West Somers.

Miss Clover Swan of Locke's Mills is the guest of Miss Frances Merrill, Jr. and Mrs. Herman Merrill and baby were at Calvin Cummings' Albany, one day recently.

#### GILEAD

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Brown and daughter, Lewis, left Sunday for New York where they will spend a few days before leaving for Europe for a two-months' visit.

Arthur Braden and family of Mexico were in town Sunday calling on friends.

Edward Blodgett has finished work on the G. T. R. section.

Miss Hazel Kimball was a guest of her brother, George Kimball, and family at Bryant's Pond, Sunday.

Several members of Mountain View Grange attended Winthrop Grange, Stellburne, N. H., last Thursday evening.

Howard Hubert and David Gordon of East Franklin, Maine, spent Saturday night at the home of his brother, A. W. Hubert.

Mr. and Mrs. Cobb of Rumford visited friends in town Monday afternoon.

Several members of Bear River Grange are rehearsing for a drama to be presented to the public in the near future.

Howard Hubert and David Gordon of East Franklin, Maine, spent Saturday night at the home of his brother, A. W. Hubert.

#### R. C. DUNHAM

##### Radio and Music

##### BETHEL - MAINE

Our Classified Column Brings Results

OUR TIRES ARE  
RIGHT AND SO  
IS OUR  
SERVICE



In order to be successful, a dealer must satisfy his customers. He must sell the line of tires they want and supply the type of service they demand.

This is just what we are trying to do. We handle United States Tires—known for their extra value and long mileage. We offer every service possible to make our customers our friends.

Let us demonstrate to you. We feel sure that our tires and service will speak for themselves.

#### CONNOR'S GARAGE

BETHEL, MAINE

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES



#### Midsummer SALE

The Big Week - July 30-Aug. 4

LUX.....Lge. pkg. 22c

Campbell's Beans....3 cans 25c

Rumford Baking Powder...

.....1 lb. can, 27c

GINGER ALES

Cliquot Club...Doz. bpts., \$1.50

G & C Imp. Dry. Bpts., \$1.50

White House Milk....3 cans 25c

Sunsweet Prunes....2 pkgs. 37c

Long Corn.....2 cans 21c

Long Peas.....2 cans 23c

Iona Tomatoes...2 No. 2 cans 15c

Sour and Dill Pickles. Qt. jar 26c

Sour & Sweet Mixed Pickles

.....Qt. jar 33c

Baked Beans, A&P....3 cans 25c

Pacific Toilet Paper...6 rolls 25c

Cigarettes.....Carton \$1.15

Crisco Fig Bars....2 lbs. 23c

Kellogg's Corn Flakes 3 pkgs. 19c

Shredded Wheat....3 pkgs. 28c

P & G Soap....10 cakes 37c

Sliced Bacon.....Lb. 31c

New Potatoes.....Peck 21c

Bananas.....4 lbs. 25c

#### FLOUR SALE

Pillsbury's Flour.....

Gold Medal Flour.....\$1.19

Ceresota Flour.....

A. & P. Family Flour.....\$1.05

A. & P. Pastry Flour.....95c

Shoulders.....Lb. 19c

Hams.....Lb. 31c

#### SUGAR SALE

10 lbs....6c 25 lbs....\$1.53

100 lbs....\$6.10

WATCH FOR OUR

WEEK END SPECIALS

The Great A & P Tea Co.

C. W. LAMB, Mgr.

If you have subscribed

send us your itinerary

and we will do the rest

— or send us some

money and we will send

it anywhere you say for

the time paid.

\$2.00 a Year

6 Months \$1.00 3 Months 50c 2 Months 34c  
1 Month 17c

#### OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

Bethel, Maine

## ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK  
Dean of Men, University of Illinois

## STRATTON'S BOY

I was over at Stratton's town in the evening making a speech or doing some other little thing when I had a call from Stratton whom I had known slightly seven years ago, calling me to his business plant and see him. He had a boy whom he wanted to talk to me.

Stratton has had a dramatic and an erratic career. He started business thirty years or so ago on nothing, has made more than one sizable fortune and has as many times been on the rocks. Just now he looks prosperous and is running a business valued at eight figures at least, though how much of it is paid for it would be difficult to say. He lives extravagantly and is said to have a wife and daughters with social ambitions and with ability and willingness to spend whatever Stratton makes.

I had heard something of the boy, too. He had been to a half dozen secondary schools from some of which he had withdrawn voluntarily because the management was not to his liking, and from others he had severed his connection at the urgent request of the authorities in charge.

"He wants to go to college," Stratton confided to me, "but I haven't the least idea what he will do when he gets there. He never went in high school, and I'm afraid he won't when he gets to college."

"There isn't much chance," I said, not very encouragingly.

"I'm going to be frugal with you, Stratton went on. "His habits are bad. He runs around with a wild lot of young people, and he comes home at two or three in the morning hardly able to stagger upstairs. The stuff they drink now is awful, you know that. I talked to him pretty rough the other night. It's really the first time in his life that I've given him a straight-from-the-shoulder talk. I think maybe I will do him good."

The boy was plump, and had been going a pretty rapid pace for years, yet this was the first time that the father had had any serious talk with him. It seemed pretty late to me to begin.

(See 1116, Western Newspaper Column)

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. John Harrington, W. M.; Fred D. Merrill, Secretary.

TUTORY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. R. W., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Electra Heyler, W. M.; Mrs. Emily Thibodeau, Secretary.

MT. ABRAHAM LODGE, No. 31, L. O. A. F. F. meets in their hall every Friday evening. G. O. Demarill, N. G. Arthur Brinck, Secretary.

SUNSET BEECHAM LODGE, No. 66, L. O. A. F. F. meets in Old Fellow's Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Olive Asstis, M. G.; Mrs. Emily Forbes, Secretary.

BUDDORY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Orange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Leroy Andrews, C. C.; Kenneth Melia, K. of K. and G.

NAZARENE TEMPLE, No. 48, PYTHIAN SISTER, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Orange Hall. Mrs. Jessie Mitchell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Constance Wheeler, M. of R. C.

BROWN POST, No. 51, G. A. H., meets at Old Fellow's Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. M. Diaz, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. N. Bassett, Q. M.

SCOUTS, W. B. C., No. 20, meets in Old Fellow's Hall the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Mrs. Louis Janzen, Postmistress; Mrs. Anna D. Clark, Secretary.

OLDSCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH, No. 10, BAPTIST CHURCH, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month to the rectory. J. M. Harrington, Chairman; Charles T. Colby, Deacon.

OLDSCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH, NO. 11, BAPTIST CHURCH, meets the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. J. A. Harrington, Chairman; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL ORANGE, No. 55, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. W. M. Morris, M. E. C.; Mrs. M. Hartigan, Secretary.

Parent Teachers' Association. Meeting 2d Monday of each month at Bethel School during school year. Pres. F. H. Russell; Secretary Mrs. M. M. Hibbert.

## "INSIDE" SECRET OF BIG BUSINESS DEAL

John D. Rockefeller, when he was exiled to Standard Oil into the greatest business pneumonia of its era, often gained control of rival companies by lifting with a blank check.

"That's not true and it's funny side," was Rockefeller's reply. "It seems growing thin, looking back, although it was a matter of grave concern then."

"After we had arranged to purchase a property I would meet the owner and with a lordly air would whip out our checkbook and remark, as if it were a matter of entire indifference to me: 'Shall I write a check or would you prefer payment in Standard Oil shares?'

Mr. Rockefeller added that there were occasions when if the reply had been "All cash," he would have had to scurry to raise the necessary money. However, his unconcerned attitude inspired most of the sellers to take stock in the new concern either in full or part payment of their old holdings. "And very fortunately for them, as it turned out," added the oil magnate.

## RICE INTRODUCED TO AMERICA BY CHANCE

Rice came to America by accident. In the year 1659 a rice-laden vessel from Madagascar bound for Liverpool put in to Charleston harbor in araging storm. The captain, noting that the land and soil near Charleston resembled that where the rice was grown, gave the governor of the colony a handful, telling him that it might grow if planted, relates the Washington Star.

The governor planted the rice and several months later harvested "the first crop ever grown in America. Since that time rice has steadily advanced until now it is a leading product of the southern states. It first spread into Georgia from the Carolinas, and with the beginning of the Civil war it entered Louisiana, now the leading rice state of the Union. It gradually found its way to Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, and finally into Arkansas. Later its cultivation was tried with success in California.

## The Best Coeducator

"Yes, I am an anti!" Sir Thomas Lipton, at a dinner in New York, was defending his conservative opinions.

"We ants are coming back into our own," he continued. "The decline of Nationalism, the rise of Imperialism—these are signs that we are on our way. We haven't arrived yet, of course."

"I'm anticoeducation, and the other day a lady took me to task about it. She said:

"Sir Thomas, you ought to be ashamed to say that sex won't let male and female students work together. Anti-coeducation indeed!"

"Oh, well," said I. "I'm no anti when it comes to the greatest educational institution in this world!"

"Yes!" said she. "And what educational institution is that?"

"Marriage man," I answered.

## Sees Jazz as Empire's Nero

Nero and his tribe were no more than the saxophone and its companions, according to Sir Henry Coward, a prominent English divine.

Luxury and vulgar pleasure seeking, he says, brought Rome down into the dust, and jazz he declares, is trending that way because it is taking the minds of the people away from high thinking and spirituality. Besides,

dark-skinned races that hold the whites in awe will cease to think of the Europeans as a Superman, and when that state of mind comes to pass England's hold on its myriad subjects in Asia and Africa will be broken once for all. Sir Henry boldly proclaims.

## Archbishop and Reporters

We should enjoy knowing the archbishop of Canterbury. He makes public declaration that he is a slow thinker and speaker and that he sometimes stammered when addressing an audience, only to find that the newspaper reporters have caught the meaning and presented it in perfect form. So many people—not archbishops—are continually complaining that the reporters never get anything right!—Worces-

ter Daily Telegraph

## Part Owner

Loaded the gun—I want an express order against my son, who has paid his rent for a year on red candles.

Magnate (magazine) is our poor tenant. He is your guest.—University Reporter.

## Men Just Boys Grown Tall

"Why do you boys daily wear tall socks? Big business men here for the summer?" asked another.

"Gee," replied Bobby, "what else can I do? I don't get any chance to play with my electric train all evening."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## His Own Bullet

Policeman (an arrested suspect)—How do you account for all this noise in your pocket?

"Picture! Well, you see, officer, we just got no children at home.—Des Moines Register.

## Life's Brightest Moment

A small boy was walking home from a music lesson with the stool under his arm, when a thief crept up behind him, snatched the instrument and immediately disappeared.

It sounds like a dream come true. Millions of small boys like to imagine such a theft while practicing on the piano at home, but it practically never happens.—Jaffrey News.

## American History Puzzle Picture



Union soldiers charging through a corn field during the Civil war. Find a Confederate sharpshooter.

## 147 YEARS AGO Story of the Flight of the Marshall Family

At the time of the Indian Raid in August, 1751, the family of David Marshall was living on the Sanborn farm at Middle Intervale, where Mr. Marshall had built a small log cabin.

Mr. Marshall was not at home, and Middle Intervale where Mr. Marshall with an exaggerated account of the proximity of the Indians, so she started to hide in the woods with her children. The following is from a letter which Mrs. Marshall wrote her son in later years.

"At this moment I exclaimed, what shall I do? Hide in the woods," said my informant. While I was hastening to the woods with my children, I saw my husband coming home. I beckoned to him to hasten and on his coming up, I hastily related what I had heard. He ran into the house and took such provisions as he could readily seize and threw into a sack, and then started with his little store and family into the woods. We traveled lightly and looked cautiously around, expecting every moment to see the faces of the Indians, but after a few hours, our fears considerably subsided, and we sat down to rest. I found myself very much fatigued, and without my ordinary dress, for during the morning I had slipped off my shoes, having nothing on except a thin skirt and a handkerchief over my shoulders. This caused my heart to ache for we had resolved not to turn back, but to pursue our way which lay through the wilderness. After a short halt, we set out again, and traveled until dark. We did not dare to strike light for fear of being discovered by the Indians. We sat there impatiently waiting the morning of the sixth, when we renewed our journey, but much slower than the day previously. During the afternoon, we were overtaken by a Mr. Dodge, who had been sent from Bethel to New Gloucester for help. We requested him to inform the first inhabitants he met, of our situation, and give him the course as nearly as he could, and ask them to meet us. Mr. Dodge missed his course to Jackson's camp in No. 4, which he expected first to reach, and came out at Lt. Bearce's in Hebron. He informed Bearce who immediately set out for Jackson's camp, and on his arrival he obtained two men who went with him as far as the river in the north part of the township, and there struck up a fire and prepared some food, while Mr. Bearce continued in search of us. He first found my son, David, whom his father had carried a short distance ahead and left on a log, telling him to be quiet, while he went back after me. We arrived in a short time at the river, took some refreshment, and then proceeded to Jackson's camp, where we arrived on the ninth of August. We remained at this camp three or four days, consequently I was the first white woman who took lodgings in what is now the town of Paris."

"No person of this name is known to have lived in Bethel, and it is probable that he was only temporarily there.—History of Bethel, Lapham.)

Mrs. Marshall was the daughter of Moses Mason, Esq., of Dublin, N. H., and the great great grandson, Charley S. Marshall, is now living at West Paris. Mrs. Charles Marshall's great grandfather, Lemuel Jackson, built the first frame house on Paris Hill in 1789, which is still standing.

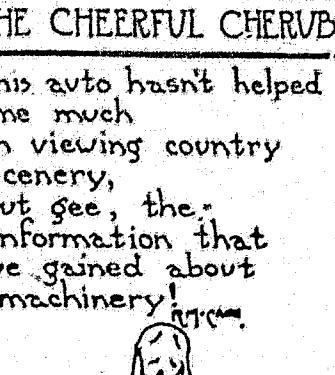
We would be glad to have suggestions and contributions of interesting facts on Bethel's early history from our readers.

## NEWRY

Howard Bailey and crew of Bethel are at work for F. I. French laying Alton Bartlett and Mrs. Martha Bartlett of Hanover were in town last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Walker called at W. N. Powers last Friday.

Mrs. Perley Bartlett and niece of Norway called on friends last Thursday on their way home from Upton.



## ANNOUNCEMENT

## Starting July 29th

## We Will Serve

## Steamed Clams

Drawn Butter

## Bouillon Potato Chips

Bread &amp; Butter 50c

## Fried Clams Potato Chips

Pickles

Bread &amp; Butter 50c

## ROUND MT. TEA HOUSE

Two Miles from Song Lake

Albany, Maine

## Heating and Plumbing

All Work Promptly Cared For by a Competent Plumber

## All Work Guaranteed

Supplies of All Kinds on Hand

## H. ALTON BACON

Bryant's Pond, Maine

## What Could I Do? I Could Gypsey and Yell

for to said nothing more than marrying rich girls, deadend his silence, and when I tried to encourage him, I guessed that he was at fault. For course Gypsey was a good one, enough to catch Gypsey started. I said all this, tittered and thanked him for his subject, and would not again.

We had been in the country a month when things began.

Fred had gotten into taking us about more or less to thrilling places where we set ever dreamed of going.

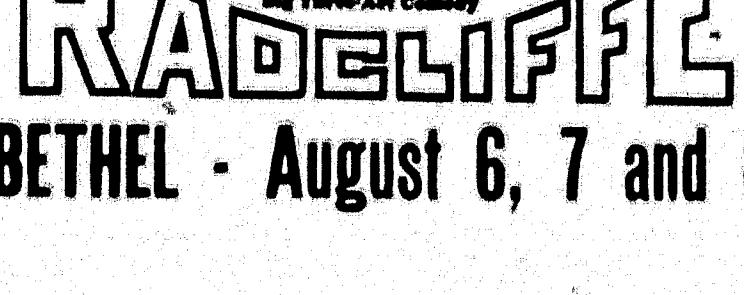
we went through the kitchen back yard and into a fort (red brick walls included) bear a word of English there, Josephine disappeared, expeditiously, and went out without her.

Of course it was only this till we got into trouble that now. Each went through safety made us more exciting, and we it.

It was a prize fight this told us that he had an explanation of his bad

as out that evening; and I at the chance. "Take care."

of course there was right away. Josephine crazy and Fred said it was question. But I stuck and after I had made that there would certain women there and that a dream of hurting us, Josephine shimmered away.



RADCLIFFE BETHEL - August 6, 7 and 8

## DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By  
Crittenden  
Marriott

Illustrations by  
Irwin Myers

W.N.U. SERVICE

Copyright

### THE STORY

**CHAPTER I.—**That her grandfather is on an "Dinsmore's Folly" is, for erratic reasons by no means pleasing to Edith Dinsmore, modern Hepzibah. Edith is the second, though her father, millionaire head of Consolidated Trust, will not allow it. Edith visits the place of pilgrimage, the scene of matrimonial mishap, his wife having left him. Fred James, newspaper reporter comes. Mr. Paul, Edith's father, has no objection to Edith and is rejected. He takes the rejection in a melodramatic manner. Edith sees a connection between Perkins' runaway wife and Mr. Paul.

**CHAPTER II.—**Riding with Fred James, Edith is stopped by a stranger who does not give his name. Edith hereafter calls him M. P. (My Preserver).

### CHAPTER III

My month at Dinsmore ended three days after Gypsy's runaway, and we all went back to town. I wanted Dad to take us down to Newport for September, but he refused to do so. He said the stock market needed watching and that he didn't propose to watch it through the reverse end of society binoculars. I didn't quite understand what he said, but I got its results all right—that we were not going to Newport. So we went into the hot city and opened up Dad's big town house.

Of course, no one was back in town at that healthful time of the year and it was almost as lonely as it was up at Dinsmore. Fred was back from his vacation, but he had very little time. He came around now and then,

but luckily I didn't lose my head. Probably I would have lost it if the crowd hadn't flung me up against a big, fine, tall man who promptly tucked me behind him and prevented the crowd from crushing me until the first rush was over. By that time the police had broken in at the door and about half the audience had vanished out of the windows. The other half was rounded up under guard.

Some of the men protested strenuously, but it didn't seem to do them any good. I heard some one say that the chief had passed the word not to let anyone go and that the officers didn't dare take a chance, no matter how hard a man begged or how important he was.

But imagine my feelings! I know what Father would say if I were arrested for being at a prize fight. But somehow I didn't feel as much frightened as I might have been. I was still behind the man who had saved me and I took a lot of comfort in the set of his broad shoulders. Every minute I expected him to turn around. But he didn't. And he didn't say a word.

So I plucked him by the shoulder. There was flying and I had none to lose. "Can't you get me out of this?" I implored. "My father doesn't know I'm here and he'll go crazy if I'm arrested. Please get me out."

The man turned around and I saw that it was M. P. (My Preserver)—the man who had saved me when Gypsy ran away with me that day, and who had refused to tell his name. I nearly dropped through the floor.

He didn't seem at all surprised, however. I guessed afterward that he had recognized me as the crowd swept me toward him.

"I'm trying to figure out some way to do that very thing," he said. "I'm acquainted with a good many Yellos men, and if you'll wait a minute I'll probably see one I can appeal to."

I waited, of course, but I didn't wait in silence. Why should I? I have never found that silence gets a girl anywhere. Besides, I was beginning to feel pretty safe. I felt somehow that M. P. would save me. He had done it once before. So I smiled up at him. "This is the second time you've rescued me!" I began.

"I haven't rescued you yet, this time."

"No, but you will!" I said. "And just to think that I don't know your name! Please tell me what it is, before I die of curiosity."

He smiled again. "My name is Braxton," he said. "If you really care to know, I've been wondering ever since that day whether I should see you again. But I never guessed it would be here." He glanced around the hall.

"I didn't, either," I returned. "But then I don't know much about such places. Maybe meeting your friends at their is the regular thing. I want to see what it was like and I made Fred bring me and my sister. It was Fred who was with me that day, you know. They were with me when the police broke in, but I don't know what's become of them. I don't see them anywhere. If you—"

"I beg pardon," Mr. Braxton broke in. "There's a sergeant that I know. If you'll come—" He pushed through the crowd and I followed at his heels.

In a moment we were close by an officer who wore a sergeant's stripes on his arms. "Sergeant," said Mr. Braxton so bad that a day seemed a week, especially as I couldn't help fearing that he had found me out.

"I wasn't—I mean, I wasn't what he meant."

but the sergeant seemed to understand. "Pshaw, Mr. Braxton," he said, "your brain ain't in any danger—for a mighty good reason." He grinned as he spoke.

Mr. Braxton didn't grin. He came right back at him.

"It isn't my brain that's worrying me," he said. "It's the brain of the father of this young lady." He gestured at me. "He's a billion-dollar Wall Street man and he'll have the exaggerated ego sure if she gets on the police books. Better let me take her home. I'll show up at the station and pay my fine later."

The sergeant stared and looked at me. "I hope you weren't hurt in the rush, miss," he said, civilly.

I shook my head. "Not a bit," I answered. "Thanks to Mr. Braxton, but I'll be awful hurt if you don't let me get away."

The sergeant considered for a minute. Then he nodded. "All right," he said. "Take her along, Mr. Braxton, and then you show up at the station. It's irregular, of course, but I've learned that a policeman doesn't make good just by putting everybody he meets. Often he does it by knowing when not to pull them. When the prisoners start out of here you go along with them till you reach the station. Then just stop out of line and go. I'll fix things all right."

After that it was only a case of follow-my-leader, until we were in a taxi bound for home.

Of course I was worried about Josephine. But I was pretty sure that she and Fred must have been carried out of the hall in the first rush and had gotten away safely. Anyway, there was nothing I could do except get home as quick as I could and wait for them.

Meanwhile there was no use in worrying and I wasted no time in that unpleasant occupation. All the way up town I chattered away trying to find out all I could about Mr. Braxton without asking him outright.

He wasn't communicative. I found that he was from the South originally but had lived in the West for years; but that was all I did find out. Except that he was awfully nice. But I had suspected that before.

All too soon we reached home. Mr. Braxton was laughing as he helped me out of the car, but when I turned toward the marble pile that housed the Dinsmore family he grew dreadfully solemn. "Good Lord," he exclaimed. "Are you Curtis Dinsmore's daughter?"

I did some very rapid thinking—thinking is my long suit. Mr. Braxton had been unwilling to accept thanks for saving my life when Gypsy ran away; and I guessed instantly that he was one of those haughty young Americans who refuse to have anything to do with a girl if her father happens to be rich. I didn't want him to refuse to have anything to do with me. So I fibbed promptly.

"I'm only a poor relation," I laughed. (I really was poor; I had spent my whole allowance. And I eat ratably was dad's relation.) "My name is Dinsmore, too, and I live here. I'm sort of companion to Miss Dinsmore."

Mr. Braxton drew a long breath. I could see that he was relieved. "I was afraid for a moment that I had told that sergeant the truth when I said your father was in the billion-dollar class," he said. "It would have relieved my conscience at the expense of my happiness. . . . Have you a lock key?"

"Yes," I nodded. "They allow me a lot of privileges. One is to receive my friends. You'll give me a chance to receive you, won't you?"

Mr. Braxton possessed himself of my key. "I'll be delighted," he said. "I'm not in town very often, but I'll call when I can—if I may."

"You surely may. Call soon!" I urged.

Mr. Braxton had gotten the door open now. He straightened up and held out his hand. "I will, thank you," he said. "Good night."

If he had been pretty nearly anybody else in all the wide world I would have known how to prevent his going. But somehow, with him, I was stupid. I couldn't think of a thing to say. I just shook hands dumbly and watched him fade away. And all the time I was just crazy to keep him.

Two minutes after Mr. Braxton had gone, Josephine and Fred turned up in a taxi, driving like mad. They had been released by an officer who knew Fred and they had searched and searched for me. They hadn't found me, of course and equally of course they hadn't dared to tell anyone who I was. So, at last Fred had brought Josephine home, on the chance that I might have gotten there first somehow, intending to go back and hunt some more if I hadn't turned up. Josephine nearly fainted when she saw me. She must have been under an awful strain. And Fred had been, too, for the matter of that.

"Anyhow, they both said 'Never again' when they braced up at last. And never again it was. Even I was satisfied."

I didn't explain about Mr. Braxton. My meeting him was pure coincidence of course. But it looked amazingly like pure fake; and I didn't dare to tell about it. I just said that a kind policeman had turned me loose and let it go at that.

But I thought about him a lot and kept hoping that he would call. But he didn't. The days dragged by without my seeing a sign of him.

Come to think of it, so very many of them didn't drag by, after all; it was their dragginess and not their number that troubled me. I waited to see Mr. Braxton so bad that a day seemed a week, especially as I couldn't help fearing that he had found me out.

"I wasn't—I mean, I wasn't what he meant."

I couldn't tell what he meant.

but the sergeant—and this we didn't intend to come back at all. As I had told Fred, "your brain ain't in any danger—for a mighty good reason." He grinned as he spoke.

Mr. Braxton didn't grin. He came right back at him.

"It isn't my brain that's worrying me," he said. "It's the brain of the father of this young lady." He gestured at me. "He's a billion-dollar Wall Street man and he'll have the exaggerated ego sure if she gets on the police books. Better let me take her home. I'll show up at the station and pay my fine later."

The sergeant stared and looked at me.

"I hope you weren't hurt in the rush, miss," he said, civilly.

I shook my head. "Not a bit," I answered.

The sergeant considered for a minute. Then he nodded. "All right," he said. "Take her along, Mr. Braxton, and then you show up at the station. It's irregular, of course, but I've learned that a policeman doesn't make good just by putting everybody he meets. Often he does it by knowing when not to pull them. When the prisoners start out of here you go along with them till you reach the station. Then just stop out of line and go. I'll fix things all right."

After that it was only a case of follow-my-leader, until we were in a taxi bound for home.

Of course I was worried about Josephine. But I was pretty sure that she and Fred must have been carried out of the hall in the first rush and had gotten away safely. Anyway, there was nothing I could do except get home as quick as I could and wait for them.

Meanwhile there was no use in worrying and I wasted no time in that unpleasant occupation. All the way up town I chattered away trying to find out all I could about Mr. Braxton without asking him outright.

He wasn't communicative. I found that he was from the South originally but had lived in the West for years; but that was all I did find out. Except that he was awfully nice. But I had suspected that before.

All too soon we reached home. Mr. Braxton was laughing as he helped me out of the car, but when I turned toward the marble pile that housed the Dinsmore family he grew dreadfully solemn. "Good Lord," he exclaimed. "Are you Curtis Dinsmore's daughter?"

I did some very rapid thinking—thinking is my long suit. Mr. Braxton had been unwilling to accept thanks for saving my life when Gypsy ran away; and I guessed instantly that he was one of those haughty young Americans who refuse to have anything to do with a girl if her father happens to be rich. I didn't want him to refuse to have anything to do with me. So I fibbed promptly.

"I'm only a poor relation," I laughed. (I really was poor; I had spent my whole allowance. And I eat ratably was dad's relation.) "My name is Dinsmore, too, and I live here. I'm sort of companion to Miss Dinsmore."

Mr. Braxton drew a long breath. I could see that he was relieved. "I was afraid for a moment that I had told that sergeant the truth when I said your father was in the billion-dollar class," he said. "It would have relieved my conscience at the expense of my happiness. . . . Have you a lock key?"

"Yes," I nodded. "They allow me a lot of privileges. One is to receive my friends. You'll give me a chance to receive you, won't you?"

Mr. Braxton possessed himself of my key. "I'll be delighted," he said. "I'm not in town very often, but I'll call when I can—if I may."

"You surely may. Call soon!" I urged.

Mr. Braxton had gotten the door open now. He straightened up and held out his hand. "I will, thank you," he said. "Good night."

If he had been pretty nearly anybody else in all the wide world I would have known how to prevent his going. But somehow, with him, I was stupid. I couldn't think of a thing to say. I just shook hands dumbly and watched him fade away. And all the time I was just crazy to keep him.

Two minutes after Mr. Braxton had gone, Josephine and Fred turned up in a taxi, driving like mad. They had been released by an officer who knew Fred and they had searched and searched for me. They hadn't found me, of course and equally of course they hadn't dared to tell anyone who I was. So, at last Fred had brought Josephine home, on the chance that I might have gotten there first somehow, intending to go back and hunt some more if I hadn't turned up. Josephine nearly fainted when she saw me. She must have been under an awful strain. And Fred had been, too, for the matter of that.

"Anyhow, they both said 'Never again' when they braced up at last. And never again it was. Even I was satisfied."

I didn't explain about Mr. Braxton. My meeting him was pure coincidence of course. But it looked amazingly like pure fake; and I didn't dare to tell about it. I just said that a kind policeman had turned me loose and let it go at that.

But I thought about him a lot and kept hoping that he would call. But he didn't. The days dragged by without my seeing a sign of him.

Come to think of it, so very many of them didn't drag by, after all; it was their dragginess and not their number that troubled me. I waited to see Mr. Braxton so bad that a day seemed a week, especially as I couldn't help fearing that he had found me out.

"I wasn't—I mean, I wasn't what he meant."

I couldn't tell what he meant.

to see you. Come inside, and let's have it out." Then he glanced at Mr. Paul. "Paul," he said, "you'll excuse me for a few minutes, I know, while I talk to Edith. That young jackanapes of a reporter has irritated me more than anyone has dared to do for years."

"Who told you, Father?" I asked in a desperate effort to conceal my dismay by speech.

"Oh, I scarcely know," replied my fond parent, meditatively. "I had been noticing it for some time, of course—noticing it for some time! Can you beat that?"—but when Paul spoke of it—

Continued Next Week

To be an artist in any chosen avocation he must be so occupied that his every action is delightful both in the process and the result, and not because his actions are performed under brutal compulsion of keeping alive.

Ten states have adopted a uniform vehicle code to regulate traffic. Records show automobile accidents have been reduced in these states.

The Citizen and The Boston Daily Post, 1 year, \$6.00



## When Planning a Picnic

Protect your food with waxed paper or vegetable parchment

### PAD-O-WAX

Pads of 50 sheets waxed paper 10x12

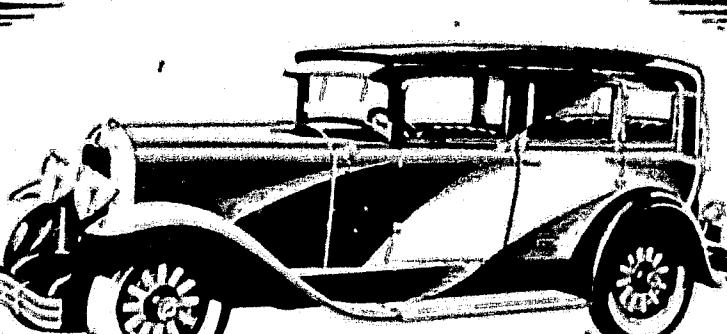
10c

### VEGETABLE PARCHMENT

7 x 9, 9 x 12 and 24 x 36

35c lb.

## The Oxford County Citizen



Now on display!

The news is out! The whole thrilling story of the Silver Anniversary Buick awaits you at our Buick showroom!

New Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher—a tremendous increase in power in what was already the most powerful automobile engine of its size in the world—new elements of speed, pick-up and acceleration far beyond any previous standard... these are high-light features of this most brilliant and beautiful of motorcars.

Visit our Buick showroom. See the Silver Anniversary Buick—today!

**SILVER ANNIVERSARY BUICK**

WITH MASTERPIECE BODIES BY FISHER

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT... BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

NORWAY BUICK CO.

## Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.  
Each word more than 25, one cent per word per week.

Any change of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

## For Sale

**FOR SALE**—A few good new boats do fishing. Also boat cars, leathered and ready for use. H. ALTON BACON, Bryant's Pond, Me.

**CHAMPS IN PRICE** Owing to a manufacturer's price war I am able to make a much lower price on the following material: Sheetrock, Retheroid roof, Gage, Hiberoid asphalt strip shingles, corrugated iron roofing and roof paints, asbestos and windows. A good time to put in that new bath room. Prices cheerfully quoted. H. ALTON BACON, 14169.

**FOR SALE**—Six weeks old pigs. G. T. TRIFFE, North Norway. 14169.

## Miscellaneous

We are prepared to make your wool into yarn. Write for samples and particulars. Also yarn for sale. Samples free. H. A. DAETLETT, Harmony, Maine. 1213.

## Wanted

**WANTED**—Plain sewing to do. Mrs. M. J. Hutchinson, Tel. 288. Mill St. 14169.

**WANTED**—Agents. Bell boudoir, Broadcloth lace. Wholesale prices. Good profit selling our way. Send for proposition. Lethbridge Hosiery Co., Everett, Mass. 14169.

## Birth

In South Paris, July 23, to the wife of Adelbert Gifford, a daughter, Dorothy Joyce.

In West Paris, July 21, to the wife of Harold Bonney, a daughter.

In Bethel, July 21, to the wife of Frank Downs, a son.

In Litchfield, N. H., July 23, to the wife of William Higgins, a daughter, Belle Margaret.

## Married

In Bethel, N. H., July 21, by Rev. W. L. Hodder, Guy Raymond Carter of Casco and Miss Yvonne Mary Loucas of Berlin.

In Ketchumskoat, July 19, by Rev. D. H. Pratt, Earl A. Tilley of Norway and Miss Leona C. Skillings of Belmore Mills.

In Rumford, July 20, by Rev. P. T. J. O'Malley, Herman J. Vendee of Cleveland, O., and Miss Mary Eleanor Ellis of Rumford.

In Berlin, N. H., July 21, by Rev. F. C. Mackay, Philip Arsenault of Berlin and Miss Pearl Coffin of Gilford.

## Died

In South Paris, July 21, Capt. Fieldwick C. Titus, aged 85 years.

In Hartford, July 22, Walter W. Fawcett, aged 71 years.

In South Waterford, July 18, George Irving Hamlin, aged 70 years.

In Portland, July 20, Mrs. Nellie Gillies.

You Can Save by  
Buying your Stationery  
at the Citizen Office.

Get  
Started!

Every day is a good day  
to provide the means and  
use part of it to build your  
account in this institution.

The More You  
Add The More You Have.

The Bethel National Bank  
Bethel, Maine

Robert M. Walker, Pres. Elmer C. Park, Cashier  
George K. Fox, Vice Pres. Fred R. Merrill, Asst. Cashier

## CHURCH ACTIVITIES

## FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

L. A. Edwards, Pastor  
On Sat Morning worship with sermon  
by the pastor. His subject will be, "A  
Heated Day."

A short time ago, we passed through  
several days without getting a glimpse  
of the sun. Then the winds pulled the  
clouds apart, and let the glorious  
sunshine through.

"Do you ever feel down hearted  
and disengaged?

Do you ever think that life is all  
in vain?

Do the burdens thrust upon you  
make you tremble?

And you feel that you shall never  
the victory gain?

Just something happens. Somebody  
smiles; somebody grasps your hand;  
somebody knows and understands, and  
that makes all the difference in the world.

"A soul can split the sky in two  
And let the face of God shine  
through."

If you are a stranger in this com-  
munity and the pastor of this church  
serve you in any way; it will be  
to him to do so. He will be glad  
meet you at the close of the service  
Sunday morning.

## WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

Roger P. Cleveland, Pastor  
Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.  
Divine Worship, at 10:30 A. M.

Theme of sermon, "The Moral Power of  
Love."

Young People's Society, 7:30 P. M.  
Evening service at 7:30 P. M. Theme

of sermon: "The Good Samaritan."

GILEAD CONGREGATIONAL  
CHURCH

Roger P. Cleveland, Pastor  
Divine worship at 10:30 P. M.  
Midweek service, Wednesday even-  
ing at 7:30 P. M.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street

Services Sunday morning at 10:45.

Subject of the lesson sermon, Spirit.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday testimonial meeting at

7:30 P. M.

## SKILLINGSTON

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Webber and  
family are occupying Fred Adams  
house this summer. Mr. Webber is a  
boss on the road construction in this  
city.

Harry Lee Vashaw broke his wrist  
while working around automobiles in  
the barn recently.

Arthur Watson and Tony De Angeles  
have gone to Dixfield to work on the  
road under construction there.

John Anderson is doing B. C. Bur-  
bank's daying.

Junior Littlefield is spending some  
time at John Anderson's.

A. B. Sanborn returned home some  
time ago. His health is improving.

Jesus Vashaw has employment with  
the Maine Telephone Co. at Rumford.

Tom Vashaw is working for the Van  
Telephone Co.

Mrs. Bertha Hamner is keeping house  
for Mrs. Flanders' during her absence  
in Waterville.

Mrs. Irene Philbrook called on her  
mother, Mrs. Charles Merrill, and fam-  
ily Tuesday.

In South Waterford, July 18, George  
Irving Hamlin, aged 70 years.

In Portland, July 20, Mrs. Nellie  
Gillies.

It is reported that Mrs. Vera Stevens  
will open her lunch room in the near  
future.

Some men are born great, some achieve  
greatness and some just graze upon  
you.

## STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of  
the Estates hereinbefore named.

At a Probate Court, held at Paris  
in and for the County of Oxford, on the  
third Tuesday of July, in the year of  
our Lord one thousand nine hundred  
and twenty-eight. The following mat-  
ters having been presented for the ac-  
tion thereon hereinafter indicated,  
it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all  
persons interested, by causing a copy  
of this order to be published three  
weeks successively in the Oxford County  
Citizen a newspaper published at  
Bethel in said County, that they may  
appear at a Probate Court to be held  
at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of  
August, A. D. 1928, at 9 of the clock in  
the forenoon, and be heard thereon if  
they so cause.

Attest: E. Grover late of Bethel, de-  
ceased, will and petition for probate  
of said estate and the appointment of Daniel  
B. Smith and Ruby S. Cunningham as  
executors of the same to act without  
bond presented by said Daniel B. Smith  
and Ruby S. Cunningham, the executors  
herein named.

Nelson A. Austin late of Rumford,  
deceased; petition for an allowance out  
of personal estate presented by Hugh  
F. Austin, widow.

Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge of  
said court at Paris this third Tuesday  
of July in the year of our Lord one  
thousand nine hundred and twenty-  
eight.

ALBERT D. PAUL, Register.

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice  
that he has been duly appointed ex-  
ecutor of the Will of

Passe May Mason late of Bethel  
in the County of Oxford, deceased,  
without bond. All persons having de-  
mands against the estate of said de-  
ceased are desired to present the same  
for settlement, and all indebted thereto  
are requested to make payment imme-  
diately.

HARRY E. MASON  
Elmer C. Park, Agent,  
July 17, 1928, Bethel, Maine  
14169

## WATERFORD

Mahlon Rogers, who has recently re-  
covered from the mumps, was taken to  
the Central Maine General Hospital in  
Lewiston last Saturday for an operation  
for appendicitis.

Some other cases of indisposition  
which were being observed as possible  
cases of mumps seem not to be  
developing as such.

Mrs. W. W. Fullerton has been ill  
for a few days, and Julia Morse is  
leaving at the tea room.

The morning church service was omit-  
ted last Sunday, all might attend.

"All the Parish" out of door service  
at the Methodist Church, Portland gave their  
fourth annual service. The day was  
ideal for a hill-top service, and it was  
largely attended.

In the afternoon a concert service  
was held at Waterford, on the slope of  
Mt. Crean.

On Sunday evening, at the summer  
home of Mrs. Susanne Cummings, Dr.  
Skleton gave the second of his illustrat-  
ed travels, taking his hearers on a  
trip to Alaska, showing views of his  
own, taken on his last summer's trip  
to that territory. Plans are being made  
for Dr. Skleton to give one of these  
travelogues to the general public in the  
near future, the proceeds to be for  
the benefit of the fund for rebuilding  
the burned church.

Everyone is now looking forward to  
the Chautauqua which comes to Water-  
ford next Friday, Saturday and Monday.

Whereas, application has been made to  
the Selectmen of Bethel, by ten or  
more legal voters in said Town of  
Bethel, to call a meeting of the inhabitants  
of said Town of Bethel, qualified to  
vote in town affairs, to act upon the  
articles herein mentioned.

Therefore you are required in the name  
of the State of Maine to warn and notify  
the inhabitants of said Bethel, by ten or  
more legal voters in said Town of Bethel,  
to call a meeting of the inhabitants of  
said Town of Bethel, to act upon the  
articles herein mentioned.

On Saturday evening, before the  
Chautauqua program, a supper will be  
served by the Waterford Ladies' Circle  
in the Masonic Hall.

As the Chautauqua tent will remain  
over Sunday, the morning church ser-  
vice will be held in it. A special of-  
fering will be taken for the church  
building fund.

On Sunday evening there will be the  
usual song service in the tent, led by  
Dr. Ellison Hillier.

## SOUTH ALBANY

Miss Mae Jack is spending her vaca-  
tion with her sister, Mrs. Robert Hill.

Mr. Henry Cross is visiting his sis-  
ter, Mrs. James Kimball.

E. E. Cross was an overnight guest  
of Leon Kimball's Sunday night.

Mr. Robert Hill and Miss Mae Jack  
were Sunday evening guests at James  
Kimball's.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Allen and son,  
Eddie, were Sunday guests at Howard  
Allen's.

Preston Flint called to see Roy  
Wardwell Saturday afternoon.

Roy Wardwell and Leon Kimball  
have been working on the telephone  
line, also repairing machines.

Dr. Hubbard was called to Isaac  
Wardwell's Monday to see Mrs. Anna  
Strawn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fullerton were  
at their home here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Clark, Homer  
Preston and Miss Kate Foster were guests  
of James Kimball and family one ev-  
ening last week.

Mrs. Roy Wardwell called on Mrs.  
Will Moulton Saturday afternoon.

The farmers are longing for some  
good dry weather.

## STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of  
the Estates hereinbefore named.

At a Probate Court, held at Paris  
in and for the County of Oxford, on the  
third Tuesday of July, in the year of  
our Lord one thousand nine hundred  
and twenty-eight. The following mat-  
ters having been presented for the ac-  
tion thereon hereinafter indicated,  
it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all  
persons interested, by causing a copy  
of this order to be published three  
weeks successively in the Oxford County  
Citizen a newspaper published at  
Bethel in said County, that they may  
appear at a Probate Court to be held  
at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of  
August, A. D. 1928, at 9 of the clock in  
the forenoon, and be heard thereon if  
they so cause.

Attest: ELLERY C. PARK,  
July 17, 1928, Bethel, Maine  
14169

PETITION FOR SPECIAL TOWN  
MEETING

To the Selectmen of Bethel, in the  
County of Oxford, and State of Maine.  
The undersigned being more than ten  
qualified legal voters in said town here-  
by request you to call a meeting of  
the inhabitants of said town to be held  
at Odon Hall, in said Bethel, on Sat-  
urday, August 4th, at 2 o'clock in the  
afternoon, to act on the following arti-  
cles, to wit:

Article I. To choose a moderator to  
preside at said meeting.

Article II. To see what sum of mon-  
ey the town will vote and raise in addition  
to the one thousand dollars raised at  
the March meeting, 1928, to build a  
new school house at Northwest Bethel.

Article III. To see if the town will  
vote to authorize its treasurer to hire  
the money voted and raised under article  
II, above.

Article IV. To see if the town will  
vote to choose a special building com-  
mittee to have charge of the erection of  
said building at Northwest Bethel.

Article V. To see if the town will  
vote to choose a special building com-  
mittee to have charge of the erection of  
said building at Northwest Bethel.

Article VI. To see if the town will  
vote to choose a moderator to pre-  
side at said meeting.

Article VII. To see what sum of mon-  
ey the town will vote and raise in addition  
to the one thousand dollars raised at  
the March meeting, 1928, to build a  
new school house at Northwest Bethel.